The Anti-Slavery Bugle.

BENJAMIN S. JONES, EDITOR. "NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS." ANN PEARSON, PUBLISHING AGENT.

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The Anti-Slavery Bugle.

From the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin, of December 16th.

ANTI-SLAVERY SYMPATHY MEETING THIS MORNING.

AT THE ASSEMBLY BUILDINGS.

At eleven o'clock, this morning, a large number of persons assembled in the Hall of the Assembly Buildings. Before the meeting was opened, excited commentaries were exchanged upon the events of yesterday. One sentiment prevailed—that of deep indignation at the intervention of the civil authorities in the progress of the Fair at Concert Hall, and at the demonstrations in front of, and outside, National Hall, last evening.

Mrs. Lucretia Mott explained the circumstances of the expulsion from the Hall, characterizing it as the proceeding of a pro-slavery mob, and commenting very severely upon the indignities offered. The same thing had happened before Pennsylvania Hall was burned, and the next year the Mayor requested that no Anti Slavery meeting should be held, and that prominent Abolitionists should not be seen walking the streets in the company of colored persons. Now they are asked to get redress by law, which they spurn contemptuously. The goods are stored in the upper saloon of the Assembly Buildings, and Mrs. Mott hoped that their partial mutilation would only increase the anxiety to purchase them. The meals prepared for yesterday will be there in readiness after this meeting, and although, perhaps, they will not taste quite so well as then, their spoiling should also be cheerfully accepted.

Thomas Garett, of Wilmington, related a recent experience of his, about forty miles below Wilmington, where he found a slave, fearfully mutilated, almost starved, half froze to death, lying in the woods, with scarcely any clothing upon him. His back was covered with scars. This, he said, was the work of his cruel master. He had suffered so for fifteen years. He said he would rather be sold into Georgia than go back to his master. Mr. Garret thought he could do better than go to the lecture advertised in Wilmington, by Mr George W. Curtis. He became a sort of pilot, and put the negro in the direction of liberty. He had for fifteen years been engaged in the emancipation of slaves. In response to a question, he stated that in all he had rescued *twenty two hundred and forty-five* slaves from bondage. [Applause.] He made a point always to tell about this work, when he was asked.

Mrs. Mott replied to a voice from the audience that had the goods on exhibition at the *Fair* not been removed yesterday, they would have been held in the Hall until to-morrow night, when the cases of the premises would expire, and then thrown out or disposed of in any way that seemed best to the authorities.

Mrs. Mott proceeded to compliment the press (or a large portion of it) for its co-operation with the cause of justice. Since the trial of Daniel Dangerfield the Abolitionists have had great confidence in the reporters of most of the papers.

Mr. Robert Purvis reiterated his desire that the precise platform of the Anti-Slavery Society should be made public, in view of the gross and persistent misrepresentation of its design and sentiment. Such a statement should go forth to the world as would make the thing distinctly understood. "We have been villainously traduced by your Randalls, and Ingersolls, and Pages, and other broken down and defeated politicians." The only feeling for such expressions is one of unmitigated contempt. The *Public Ledger* was sharply rebuked by Mr. Purvis. Its meanness and diabolism are notorious in all matters of this kind. In the case of John Brown it was utterly partial. 'That miserable old toady,' Mr. Everett, came in for a few touches of Mr. Purvis's scalpel. He was nailed to the wall thirty years ago, by John Randolph, of Roanoke, who said he could entertain no sympathy for the Northern man who could defend slavery on principle. Mr. P. wished to defend the slave from the charge that he does'nt want freedom, and that he doesn't care enough for it to fight for it. The slaves *do* desire freedom The idea of Liberty is a part of God himself. It cannot be uprooted from the human breast. Mr. Purvis concluded by suggesting the publication in the daily papers of this city of the Constitution and declaration of sentiments of the Anti-slavery Society.

[The Hall by this time had become crowded, and the doors were surrounded by curious spectators.]

A person from among the audience advanced to the desk and avowed his intention to resist any man that would try to take *his* goods, and to kill any man that would make him a slave—or try 'his uttermost' to do it.

A gentleman insisted that the person was out of order. There was a question before the house, which should be discussed before every thing else.

Mr. Purvis seconded the sanguinary sentiment of the man at the desk, and said that he, too, would kill every oppressor that stood in his way to freedom.

The interrupted speaker then proceeded with a circumstantial narrative of the experience of a fugitive slave in the cane brakes related to himself, who, after being chased by the blood-hounds and shot out of a tree, said to him, "Oh, mas'r! I would like to be free before I die, just to see how it feels to be a free man!" [Sensation].

This gentleman's remarks were continued in a loose, colloquial way at rather injudicious length. The impression gained ground that if he was permitted to keep on, the insurgents suffering the extreme penalty at Charlestown at this hour, will get very little sympathy to-day. He was profuse with poetical quotations, and concluded at last by taking a drink of water. The gentleman's name is Kennedy, of Pennsylvania.

The question was then put on the motion of Mr. Purvis, (to print the Constitution, &c.) and carried.

Oliver Johnson said the scenes now passing in Philadelphia reminded him of those of 1837, when the city was ruled by a mob, and a new and beautiful Hall, consecrated to Freedom, was burned to the ground. Now, however, there is great encouragement. The civil authorities are in favor, at least, of free speech. He had the pleasure, yesterday, of hearing the Mayor avow his intention, while he totally disagreed with the views of the Abolitionists and the course they had seen fit to pursue, to fulfil his sworn duty. In New York it is the same. Mr. Johnson referred to the interruption of the meeting in the Cooper Institute, in that city, last evening, and the crushing out of the mob spirit. He believed that in view of these facts freedom of speech is guaranteed for all the future in this country.

Here Mr. Johnson introduced the special object of the hour, and briefly dwelt upon it. As he spoke the companions of John Brown were perishing on the scaffold. In 1838 such a peaceful meeting as this would have been impossible. See how readily, when we are turned out of one Hall, we go to another. Mr. Johnson thought the Anti-Slavery party has now arrived at a solemn crisis, and should renew their vows, and plant their stakes, and take a fresh start. The world should know precisely to what extent the Abolitionists sympathize with and applaud John Brown; wherein they concur with his sentiments, and wherein they dissent. He (Mr. Johnson) was an ultra peace man, but the Anti-Slavery Society has for its object the dissemination of anti-slavery principles. The great majority of Americans believe in fighting; and John Brown is to be revered, because he was true to his large magnanimous principles. There is no freedom of speech, even for white men, below Mason and Dixon's line. Men from the North are tarred and feathered now, every day. Innocent school-mistresses from the North, who can show that they have been careful not to say a word against Slavery, are exiled. He could risk all differences of opinion and say "God bless the memory of John Brown!" [Loud Applause.] Let us be of good courage; let us imitate John Brown, not in organizing an insurrection, but in his spirit of self-sacrifice, and heroic devotion to the oppressed. In this city there are exceedingly encouraging tokens—the Junior Anti-Slavery Society, and the young men like Mr. Tilton, who are coming forth in all the freshness and artlessness of youth, and devoting themselves to the cause. We are getting to a spot where the sunshine begins to break in upon us. The Slave Party will be cowed, and substantial victory is disclosed to the eye of faith.

Mr. McKim alluded to the triumph of law and order over mobocracy and the spirit of violence. The remarks of the speaker two days before had been verified. The course of the Mayor and Sheriff was sanctioned by the entire respectability of Philadelphia and Pennsylvania. He said that the spirit of law, decency and common sense had prevailed. The acknowledgments of the friends of peace and order are due to the municipal officers of the city and county for the discharge of their duty last night. The advertisements in papers of small circulation for Union meetings, &c., did not represent the intelligent sentiment of the city.—A movement is now in progress on Market street for the preparation of a document to be beautifully printed, sent first to the members of Congress, and then distributed broadcast throughout the South, among the customers of the merchants getting it up. A gentleman (said Mr. McKim) is now passing through this city *en route* from the South, where he has relatives and friends, and intimate business relations. He is compelled to leave, trusting his affairs to an *Englishman*, protected by the British ægis. [Applause.] He returns with thirty other Northern gentlemen, not Abolitionists, singing in a very low tone, 'To thee, sweet land of Liberty, to thee we sing!'—Half our land is under Absolute despotism. A passport from a Governor is scarcely a guarantee of safety. Who disturbed the peace yesterday? Not the ladies who superintended the Fair, and whose eulogy it would be idle to pronounce. Who called the meeting in front of National Hall? The Abolitionists? No; but the professed conservators of the public peace. The Anti-Slavery people of the Free States have brought about the state of feeling which last night's acts illustrated.

Mr. McKim said that it happened well for the cause that Mayor Henry could not be charged with Abolitionism. The Fair will be continued until Saturday noon, as previously, before any disturbance was threatened, had been arranged. He concluded by urging increased attendance and purchase.

Before the meeting adjourned, Mr. McKim explained the incident related of John Brown's kissing a negro child on his way from the prison to the scaffold. The child was that of an old woman owned by Capt. Avis, who had attended and been kind to Brown in his confinement.

Mr. C. C. Foot, of Canada, testified, from personal observation, to the great humanity of John Brown. He was impelled to the strange work at Harper's Ferry by the purest, most unselfish love for the poor slaves. His effort met with success. It was just like John Brown to kiss that little sable baby. [Applause.]

Mr. Johnson alluded to the remarks of Mr. McKim, that a British citizen at the South has immunities which are not enjoyed by American citizens. Great Britain has no commercial relations with the South, and yet this is the state of affairs. Mr. Johnson believed that in the event of Disunion the people of the North and the South will understand each other better, recognize themselves as opponents, and not make attempts at reconciliation. Mr. Mott presiding, announced that the fair will be continued in this (southern) Hall of the Assembly Buildings.

The Convention then adjourned to meet at 3 P. M., in the Hall above—third floor.

As the assemblage dispersed the doors were surrounded by a large number of Medical Students, who regarded the persons issuing from the Hall with mingled expressions of curiosity, amusement, and contempt. No disrespect, however, was offered.

It is noticed as a somewhat curious coincidence that the day fixed upon for holding the National Democratic Convention at Charleston, the 22d of April, is the birth day of Mr. Buchanan and Senator Douglas.

From the Steuben Republican.

JOHN BROWN MEETING.

ANGOLA, Ind., Dec. 21, 1859.

Pursuant to notice, the friends of Freedom held a meeting at the Court House, at 10 o'clock, A. M., to approve the object John Brown had in view. The meeting was organized by appointing Hon. Thos. Gale, President, and Dr. L. E. Carver, Secretary.

On motion of Wm. Hopkins the following Resolutions were read, to-wit:

Whereas, John Brown and his companions at Harper's Ferry, Va., in attempting to give Liberty to the slaves of the South, was practically throwing open the prison door, and telling the captive to go free—doing unto others as we wish them to do unto us—making a grand and a practical application of the sentiments contained in the Declaration of Independence: "That all men are created equal and are endowed with certain inalienable rights—of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness."—That it is the right and duty of any, to throw off, alter or abolish, all governments that deny these rights, and to establish a government, which to them may seem best calculated to secure their safety and happiness, therefore

Resolved, That we of the North, who are not recreant to the above mentioned principles, are bound by the regard we have for them, and by whatever patriotism we may have inherited from our ancestors, who risked their lives and their sacred honor, in a long and doubtful war to secure and transmit them to us, their posterity, and by the love we bear to our children, in all time to come, to honor and to sympathize with him and his companions.

Resolved, That as we desire our children to love virtue and hate oppression, so should we stamp, as with the brand of eternal infamy, that government, its allies and abettors in crime, which to-day executes John Brown, the hero of the age, and a martyr to the immortal principles first proclaimed to the world by the fathers.

Whereas, the public prints report Gov. Chase of Ohio, has informed Gov. Wise of Virginia, that 500 or 1000 of the citizens of Ohio were about to attempt a rescue of brave old Brown, from the Virginia prison; and whereas Gov. Wise is reported to have replied, that if he let them come he would have him tried for treason; therefore

Resolved, That we regard, as the only fit answer by a Governor of a free people to Gov. Wise would be, "Come on, but bring your coffins, as you will surely need them before you return."

Whereas, Henry Ward Beecher is reported to have said, in effect in a recent lecture, delivered by himself, that the duty of good citizens is to [illegible] his hopeless condition. And further, he is reported to have attempted to brand with dishonesty, the character of all such as do incite the slave to gain his liberty, declaring that according to God's word, the slave should obey his master: therefore

Resolved, That we cannot but regard this as the morality of the slave holders themselves, and of barbarism, on which account, we shall treat it with loathing and disgust, as being wholly unfit to have been uttered by a moral teacher, among a civilised and enlightened people.

Whereas, John Brown, in all human probability has this day been crucified on the Moloch of Slavery, therefore

Resolved, That we deeply sympathize with his afflicted family and friends.

The resolutions were ably commented on by S. T. Rouse, Wm. Hopkins, A. P. Bowman and others.

On motion, the meeting adjourned, to meet at 2 o'clock, P. M.

AFTERNOON.—Meeting being called to order at 2 o'clock, P. M., was ably addressed by J. T. Rouse, in a speech of nearly two hours, on the subject of the taking, sentence and crucifixion of John Brown, and the causes which led to, and the probable consequences which will follow them.—After some remarks from J. M. Gale and others, the above resolutions were unanimously adopted.

THOS. GALE, Pres't.

L. E. CARVER, Sec'y.

From the Northern Independent.

THE MIGHTY FALLEN.

Henry Ward Beecher, the famous Brooklyn preacher, it appears, has so far fallen from grace (anti-slaveryism) as to place himself under the commendation of Abel Stevens. A mighty man has fallen in our anti-slavery Israel! In a late editorial, Dr. Stevens quotes "condensed passages" from a "remarkable discourse" recently delivered by "the popular Brooklyn preacher," on the subject of slavery, and pronounces them "both sensible and seasonable;" and says they will 'add vastly to the influence of Mr. Beecher's appeals upon the subject,' and also that 'they express substantially the sentiments of conservative anti-slavery Methodism, on the subject. Whether 'the popular Brooklyn preacher' will feel complimented or not we of course cannot tell. In the 'passages' quoted and pronounced 'both sensible and seasonable,' Mr. Beecher endeavors to show that 'the citizens of the South,' and 'southern Christian' slave-holders, should not be treated 'with acrimony and bitterness,' but with a loving spirit. He says 'the time is rapidly coming when the southern Christian will feel a new inspiration,' and that the South is on the eve of a 'pentecost.'

A remarkable change has come over the spirit of 'the popular Brooklyn preacher's' dream since he taught from his rostrum, that Sharp's rifles were preferable to the Bible in the anti-slavery war! What evidence he has that a 'new inspiration,' a 'pentecost,' is about to come upon 'southern Christian, slave-holders,' he does not advise us in this 'remarkable discourse.' Judging from the signs of the times in Church and State, we might come to the conclusion that a 'new inspiration had come upon the South and its apologists; an 'inspiration' from the pit beneath. Is this to be the harbinger of the 'pentecost' that looms before the eyes of the Brooklyn Seer? Mr. Beecher thinks 'the Pauline treatment' is 'the food that servants need now at the South.' He says, 'no part of the wisdom of the New Testament seems' to him 'more divinely wise, than Paul's direction to those in slavery,' 'Servants, obey your masters;' and is the 'Pauline treatment' the pabulum so much needed by the slaves of the South and elsewhere; according to Mr. Beecher. We supposed that the slaves in the South, from all accounts, had been supplied almost to surfeiting with this 'food'—that it was a dish served up to them all the year round, of which there was enough for each, enough for all and enough forevermore,' and of which they were all invited to partake freely, 'without money and without price.'

We had not the slightest idea that there was any scarcity of this 'food' among the 'servants' at the South.' The Southern Aid Society ought to look into the matter at once, and see that they are supplied, without delay, with this much needed food.' We are somewhat conversant with the New Testament, having looked into it several times. We have looked in vain, however, for 'Paul's directions to those in slavery. We have read his directions to 'servants,' but never to 'slaves,' to chattels. He was not 'divinely wise' enough to descant upon the moral obligations and ethical duties of chattels to their proprietors!—Such wisdom was too high for him, he could not attain unto it. It was reserved for 'the popular Brooklyn preacher,' Dr. Stevens, and a few other doctors of the 'conservative anti-slavery school, to attain to wisdom so 'divinely wise.'

VERSES WRITTEN BY COOK.

One of Cook's last acts in the world was to write an affectionate letter to his wife and child, inclosing the following verses:

If upon this earth we're parted,
Never more to meet below,
Meet me, Oh, thou broken hearted,
In that world to which I go.

In that world where time unending,
Sweeps in glory bright along,
Where the shadows there are blending,
And no discord in the song.

Where the Savior's flocks are resting,
By that river bright and fair,
And immortal glory cresting
Every head that enters there;

Where the anthem loud is pealing
Songs of praise to him alone;
Where the seraph band are kneeling,
'Mid the radiance of the Throne.

There at last I hope to meet thee,
Never, never more to part;
In those happy bowers to greet thee,
Where no farewell tears shall start.

And again in Heaven united,
'Mid those fair Elysian bowers,
[illegible]
In this darkened world of ours.

Then look forward to that meeting,
Which shall know no blight or woe—
That eternal joyous greeting,
'Mid Elysian's endless flow.

From the Northern Independent.

DISSOLUTION OF THE UNION.

The permanency of our national government has often been questioned, but until a recent period there has been no alarming evidence of immediate dissolution. We say alarming, because to many the abrogation of this confederacy would be an event of portentious character; they would almost as soon think of the abrogation of the laws of nature and the dissolution of the world. We look upon this thing in a very different light. We are no disunionist, but if the national compact should be dissolved—if, in spite of all remonstrances, such an event is forced upon us, we can see many reasons why it need not distress honest men very much.

1. Union is valuable only so far as it is useful. This position no one will dispute. The utility of such an alliance as that existing between the States of this nation, under certain circumstances would be great, and ought to be cherished. If those circumstances now exist, or are likely to exist, we should cling to the Union as the soldier clings to his armor, or the sailor to his ship. But neither at present nor in prospect do we see any great advantage arising from union. However useful a confederacy may have been, it is not so now, or we fail to appreciate its advantages.

2. So far from being useful, there is but too much evidence that the Union of the States is made a pretext for the commission of high crimes. The north is led to wink at slavery, and to favor the continuance of this abomination, lest the Union should be dissolved. Such a deviation from justice and charity is a costly price to pay for union, and infinitely more than all the unions in the world are worth. But a simple act of connivance is not all we pay for this alliance—we sustain the damage arising from corrupt associations. Contact with slave-holders sinks us to their infamous level.

3. The causes which gave rise to the political union of these States have mainly passed away, and in their absence, union is without significance, if not positively mischievous. The confederacy was formed as a means of resistance to oppression. States that could not singly contend with Great Britain, were equal to such a work when combined. That war has passed, and the particular union which is inspired is no more necessary to the peace which follows, than are the swords and cannon by which the victories were gained. The union was requisite while the strife was maintained with a gigantic empire, but became utterly useless when the strife ceased.

4. When the Union was formed, the States were few in number, sparse in population, and feeble in resources. Now it is otherwise. A single member of the confederacy—New York—has more inhabitants, more wealth, and more of the munitions of war than were possessed by the whole thirteen colonies at the opening of the revolution. While the number of states is three times what it was, the number of inhabitants is more than eight times what it was; consequently any necessity growing out of the weakness of States has passed away, and is no more to be provided for by the continuance of Union, than the lameness of a man is to be provided for by the use of crutches after his lameness has been cured.

5. Union was a provision against foreign war, but we have no foreign war, but have we the remotest prospect of any.

6. It may be supposed that union is a preventive of civil war. Of this we are far from certain. If Virginia were an independent State, and not one of the states of this confederacy, she could hardly be more diverse or antagonistic in any respect. We are on no better terms with her than with any other savage state or nation on the globe. Our people are not half as free in any of the slave States as they are in Canada. The people of the free States can go south, and so they can go to the Barbary States, or to any savage nation under the sun, and with quite as good a chance for free speech and a safe return. The fact is, the Union is merely nominal, is already dissolved, because freedom cannot be united to slavery.

Such are the reflections with which we may console ourselves, if the guilty South should dissolve the Union and set up for itself. We have no doubt but the company of the North is felt to be disagreeable. Rogues do not like the society of honest men. The crushing of a people is not a pretty work, and slaveholders do not like to endure the gaze of other than their confederates in the crime; hence, if the other members of the Union will not go in heartily for the abomination as a conceded right of the South—thus bringing themselves down to the level of the slaveholder—the South will step out of the confederacy. We are not for dissolving the Union, but we are for extirpating slavery and letting the South go if it will. That it will go, we fully believe. The demands and threats made by the Congressional rowdies who now represent the South at Washington, are of such a character as to set at defiance every attempt towards an honorable reconciliation.

They insist that the Republican party shall abandon the field and leave the pro-slavery democracy to unlimited control. Rebellion is distinctly announced, if a Republican President shall be elected, such an election is declared to be equivalent to a dissolution of the Union. This is beautiful, and shows a strong desire to maintain the existing order of things; it is doubtless very reasonable and fitting that a quarter of a million of slave-holders in the South, should command not only five million and three-quarters of free men at the South but eighteen millions of freemen at the North. Such a behest is exceedingly modest and fair, and will be almost sure to be promptly obeyed. It is a little wonderful that these sages, while thus remonstrating against northern politics, do not insist as the price of their political fellowship, and of the continuance of our glorious Union, that all northern men shall become chattels in the hands of the South.

Finally, though much inclined to *endure*, for the sake of the South, the disgrace, the cost and the inconvenience of the Union, we begin to fear their madness will soon dash our political system to pieces. In that event we, of course, shall pity rather than persecute them, and if the negroes do not rise and take a just revenge by extirpating their oppressors, the poor rickety guilty States may continue for a few years to hobble on, without any other burden than they are accustomed to bear—the universal contempt of mankind.

KIDNAPPING NO CRIME.

Last fall the house of a colored man near Chillicothe, named Anderson, was surrounded in the night, and he was seized, torn from his family, and hurried off to Kentucky. The kidnappers were a Kentuckian and two Ohio negro hunters. The Kentuckian claimed the negro as his slave; and in order to get him away without molestation he was put in the bottom of a wagon and covered with hay, while the claimant suffered himself to be handcuffed himself by his fellow kidnappers, who represented that he was a counterfeiter they were taking to Kentucky on arequisition from the Governor. The State Journal says:

"The kidnappers of Anderson were brought to trial, in Chillicothe, and were last week acquitted, on the principle of the decision of the Supreme Court in the Prigg case: That "the master of a fugitive slave has the Constitutional right to pursue his slave into any State of the Union, and to recapture him, and to return him thence to the State whence he escaped, without process of law, State or National, and that he may call assistance, and use all necessary force on the slave, or other persons attempting to rescue the slave," and any law which interferes with these rights is void.

"It is practically established, therefore, that any southerner may come here, fix upon a "likely negro boy," or handsome girl, and summoning a force of ruffians to his assistance, may tear asunder all the ties of home and kindred, and carry unmolested, his victim into hopeless slavery. It is not necessary that he should have any claim to his human prey under the atrocious fictions of Southern law. Let him say: "This is my slave. Help me, you; and, you, stand back!" If the colored freeman resist, he shall be overpowered. If a white freeman interfere to save him, he may be shot down.

"It has been said that the Supreme Court never decided that black men had no rights which white men were bound to respect; but the assertion of this can never be disputed again. —*Leader.*

CASES OF THE U. S. *vs* S. M. BOOTH.

It will be recollected that in September last the U. S. Attorney for Wisconsin appeared before the Supreme Court of Wisconsin, and asked leave to file with the Clerk two mandates from the Supreme Court of the United States, directed to the Supreme Court of Wisconsin, commanding that Court to reverse its decision in the case of Mr. Booth, prosecuted under the Fugitive Slave Act. On this motion Chief Justice Dixon, of Wisconsin, has just delivered an elaborate opinion in the affirmative. Judge Cole dissented. Judge Paine having been Attorney in the case, was ruled out. The Court being thus divided in opinion, the motion was denied. Practically the position of the Wisconsin Supreme Court, heretofore, is thus affirmed.

Chief Justice Dixon adopted the old argument in favor of the appellate jurisdiction of the Supreme Court of the United States, and the dependence and inferiority of the State Courts. The Milwaukee Free Democrat says—"This opinion simply marks its author as belonging to the consolidation and anti-State-rights school of politicians, who, considering the emphatic expressions of the people of the State, has no right on the bench, and will probably remain there no longer than the people have an opportunity to express themselves in April next."

THE SAWBONES EXODUS.

Poor Philadelphia! She has labored in vain and saved the Union for naught. Three hundred Southern students, more or less, have shaken off the dust of their feet against her, and set their faces like flints toward the land of the sun. In solemn couclave they met, in solid phalanx they departed. Heart-broken landladies mourn their empty places, and disconsolate washer-women wring their hands instead of their linen. It was a sublime spectacle—this youthful sacrifice of themselves to their country. There has been nothing like it since "All the Talents left St. Stephen's Chapel in six hackney-coaches!" Only the simile is rather too fine for the occasion. Ben Allen and Bob Sawyer, retorting from Guy's in disgust at being plucked, were more germane to the matter.

But, solemnly, it must have been a serious matter to young barbarians to leave the warm precincts of a civilized city and return to discomfortable Slave-land. It was being tormented before their time. It has to come, they know, but not so soon! But what a spectacle for the South, that railway train filled with its Esculapian freight! Morally, it might be sublime; but, medically, terrible. John Brown and his band were harmless and beneficent, compared with that batch of half-baked doctors. Like Banquo's shadowy sons, they bore a glass that showed them many more. For, if the South be determined to manufacture all her own doctors as well as cloth, her deed will be its own sufficient punishment. The worst enemies of the South, if she have any excepting her pretended friends, could ask for nothing worse for her. The next census will tell the dreadful tale.

The sufferings of Philadelphia under this withdrawal of the three hundred may be better imagined than described. The famous Market Old ladies deserted, and the mourners will go about the streets lamenting the glory that has departed from her. But let her be comforted. Either patriotism or poverty has deprived our Northern colleges of almost all their former Southern supplies. Cambridge, and even Yale, can hardly boast half a dozen Southern students, and yet their halls were never so crowded or their lists so long. Has the Medical Professors take heart of grace, and they may find that their schools may yet be replenished, though the South refuse to let her sons sit at their feet. And the city may congratulate herself on the removal of one powerful though not extensive element of disorder and misrule.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

NON-INTERCOURSE.—Prentice, of the Louisville Journal, objects to non-intercourse with the South for various reasons, among which are the idea of not eating New England salmon next spring, or of refusing an ice drop from Chicago when the dog star rages; the bare thought of having Indiana grouse, or a Maine supply of potatoes interdicted, of being compelled to read of New York oysters or Pittsburg ale, and be in the tantalising condition of not enjoying them; the terrible calamity involved in giving up the Newark cider sold for champagne, &c., &c. The Journal says:—"Our friend of the Richmond Whig will forgive us, if, after having stood politically shoulder to shoulder for years, we now part stomach to stomach on this question of 'internal improvements'."

MORE SOUTHERN LYNCH LAW.—What a secure state of society it must be where such outrages as the following are perpetrated and paraded abroad with approbation by the public press! The Waynesboro' (Ga.) News of Dec 7th, states that a traveling agent for maps was reported by a negro to have been talking abolitionism to the slaves, when the master seized the agent and made the negroes hoist and bang him to a joist in their quarters, then dug a hole and buried him the same night.

The Sylvania (Ga.) News of the 7th reports that two book agents were treated to thirty-nine lashes each, after the style of Russian executioners, by a planter in that vicinity, because they had visited his plantation and rendered themselves not only disagreeable by their solubility but suspicious by their conduct. This is a great country.—*Leader.*

DECISION OF SUPREME COURT OF OHIO.—The Supreme Court of Ohio, recently decided a case brought up from Hocking county, in which the question of the right of colored children to be admitted into common schools of the State, was decided. The decision of the Court was adverse to the right. Justices Peck, Scott and Ohaldam hold that they were excluded; Chief Justice Brinkerhoff and Justice Sutliff dissenting. Justice Peck held, with the majority of the Bench:

1. That the statute of March, 14, 1853, "to provide for the reorganization, supervision and maintenance of Common Schools," is a law of *classification*, and not of *exclusion*, providing for the education of all youths within the prescribed ages, and that the words "white" and "colored," as used in the act are used in their popular and ordinary signification; thus excluding colored children.

2. That children of ¾ African and ¼ white blood but who are distinctly colored, and generally treated and regarded as colored children by the community where they reside, are not, *as of right* entitled to admission into the common schools, to sit apart under said act, for the instruction of white youths.

From the London Star.

VICTOR HUGO ON JOHN BROWN.

Sir: When our thoughts dwell upon the United States of America, a majestic form rises before the eye of imagination. It is a Washington!

Look, then, to what is taking place in that country of Washington at this present moment.

In the Southern States of the Union there are Slaves, and this circumstance is regarded with indignation as the most monstrous of inconsistencies, by the pure and logical conscience of the Northern States. A white man, a free man, John Brown, sought to deliver these negro slaves from bondage. Assuredly, if insurrection is ever a sacred duty, it must be so when it is directed against Slavery. John Brown endeavored to commence the work of emancipation by the liberation of slaves in Virginia. Pious, austere, animated with the old Puritan spirit, inspired by the spirit of the Gospel, he sounded to these men, these oppressed brothers, the rallying-cry of Freedom. The slaves, enervated by servitude, made no response to the appeal. Slavery afflicts the soul with deafness. Brown, though deserted, still fought at the head of a handful of heroic men; he struggled; he was riddled with balls; his two young sons, sacred martyrs, fell dead at his side, and he himself was taken. This is what they call the affair of Harper's Ferry.

John Brown has been tried, with four of his comrades, Stephens, Cuppic, Green, and Copeland.

What has been the character of his trial? Let us sum it up in a few words:

John Brown, upon a wretched pallet, with six half gaping wounds, a gun-shot wound in his arm, another in his loins, and two in his head, scarcely conscious of surrounding sounds, bathing his mattress in blood, and with the ghostly presences of his two sons ever beside him, his four fellow-sufferers wounded, dragging themselves along by his side; Stephens bleeding from four saber wounds; justice in a hurry and overleaping all obstacles; an attorney, Hunter, who wishes to proceed hastily, and a judge, Parker, who suffers him to have his way; the hearing cut short, almost every application for delay refused, forged and mutilated documents produced, the witnesses for the defense kidnapped, every obstacle thrown in the way of the prisoner's counsel, two cannon loaded with canister stationed in the Court, orders given to the jailors to shoot the prisoners if they sought to escape, forty minutes of deliberation; and three sentences to death. I declare on my honor that all this took place, not in Turkey, but in America.

Such things cannot be done with impunity in the face of the civilized world. The universal conscience of humanity is an ever-watchful eye. Let the judges of Charlestown, and Hunter, and Parker, and the slaveholding jurors, and the whole population of Virginia, ponder on it well; they are watched! They are not alone in the world.

At this moment America attracts the eyes of the whole of Europe.

John Brown, condemned to die, was to have been hanged on the 2d of December—this very day.

But news has just reached us. A respite has been granted to him. It is not until the 16th that he is to die.

The interval is a brief one. Before it has ended will a cry for mercy have had time to make itself effectually heard?

No matter! It is our duty to speak out.

Perhaps a second respite may be granted. America is a noble nation. The impulse of humanity springs quickly into life among a free people. We may yet hope that Brown will be saved.

If it were otherwise, if Brown should die on the scaffold on the 16th of December, what a terrible calamity!

The executioner of Brown, let us avow it openly (for the day of the Kings is past, and the day of the peoples dawns and to the people we are bound frankly to speak the truth)—the executioner of Brown would be neither the attorney Hunter, nor the judge Parker, nor the Governor Wise, nor the State of Virginia; it would be, though we can scarce think or speak of it without a shudder, the whole American Republic.

The more one loves, the more one admires, the more one venerates that Republic, the more heartsick one feels at the contemplation of such a catastrophe. A single State ought not to have the power to dishonor all the rest, and in this case there is an obvious justification for a Federal intervention. Otherwise, by hesitating to interfere when it might prevent a crime, the Union becomes a participator in its guilt. No matter how intense may by the indignation of the generous Northern States, the Southern States force them to share the opprobrium of this murder. All of us, no matter who we may be, who are bound together as compatriots by the common tie of a democratic creed, fail ourselves in some measure compromised. If the scaffold should be erected on the 16th of December, the incorruptible voice of history would thenceforward testify that the august Confederation of the New World had added to all its ties of holy brotherhood a brotherhood of blood, and the *fasces* of that splendid Republic would be bound together with the running noose that hung from the gibbet of Brown.

It is a bond that can only kill.

When we reflect on what Brown the liberator, the champion of Christ, has striven to effect, and when we remember that he is about to die, slaughtered by the American Republic, the crime assumes an importance coextensive with that of the nation which would commit it; and when we say to ourselves that this nation is one of the glories of the human race; that, like France, like England, like Germany, she is one of the great agents of civilization; that she sometimes even leaves Europe in the rear by the sublime audacity of some of her progressive movements; that she is the Queen of an entire world, and that her brow is irradiated with a glorious halo of freedom, we declare our conviction that John Brown will not die, for we recoil horror-struck from the idea of so great a crime committed by so great a people.

Viewed in a political light, the murder of Brown would be an irreparable fault. It would *penetrate* the Union with a gaping fissure which would lead in the end to its entire disruption. It is possible that the execution of Brown might establish Slavery, on a firm basis in Virginia, but it is certain that it would shake to its centre the entire fabric of American democracy. You preserve your infamy, but you sacrifice your glory.

Viewed in a moral light, it seems to me that a portion of the enlightenment of humanity would be eclipsed, that even the ideas of justice and injustice would be obscured on the day which should witness the assassination of Emancipation by Liberty.

As for myself, though I am but a mere atom, yet being, as I am, in common with all other men, inspired with the consciences of humanity, I fall on my knees weeping before the great spangled Banner of the New World, and with clasped hands, and with profound and filial respect, I implore the illustrious American Republic, to see to the safety of the universal moral law, to save John Brown, to demolish the threatening scaffold of the 16th of December, and not to suffer that, beneath its eyes, and I add, with a shudder, almost by its fault, a crime should be perpetrated surpassing the first fratricide in iniquity.

For—yes, let America know it and ponder on it well—there is something more terrible than Cain slaying Abel: It is Washington slaying Spartacus.

VICTOR HUGO.

HAUTEVILLE HOUSE, Dec. 2, 1859.

LETTER FROM JOHN BROWN.

From the Worcester Republican.

By permission of the Rev. J. W. McFarland, of Worcester, to whom it was addressed, we copy, from the original, the following letter written by John Brown, in answer to one received by him from Mr. McFarland. The letter, like all the others written by Brown since his imprisonment, speaks the spirit of a true hero and martyr.

JAIL, CHARLESTOWN, Nov. 23, 1859.

REV. MCFARLAND—*Dear Friend:* Although you write to me as a stranger, the spirit you show toward me and the cause for which I am in bonds, makes me feel toward you as a dear friend. I would be glad to have you or any of my liberty-loving ministerial friends here, to talk and pray with me. I am not a stranger to the way of salvation by Christ. From my youth, I have studied much on this subject, and at one time hoped to be a minister myself, but God had another work for me to do. To me it is given in behalf of Christ, not only to believe on him, but also to *suffer* for his sake. But while I trust that I have some experimental and saving knowledge of religion, it would be a great pleasure for me to have some one better qualified than myself, to lead my mind in prayer and meditation, now that my time is so near a close. You may wonder are there no ministers of the gospel here? I answer no. There are no ministers of *Christ* here. These ministers who profess to be Christian, and hold slaves, or advocate Slavery—I cannot abide them. My knees will not bend in prayer with them while their hands are stained with the blood of souls.—The subject you mention as having been preaching on, the day before you wrote to me, is one which I have often thought of since my imprisonment. I think I feel as happy as Paul did when he lay in prison. He knew if they killed him it would greatly advance the cause of Christ; that was the reason he rejoiced so. On that same ground, "I do rejoice, yea, and will rejoice." Let them hang me, I forgive them, and may God forgive them, for they know not what they do. I have no regret for the transaction for which I am condemned. I went against the laws of men, it is true, but "whether it be right to obey God or men, judge ye." Christ told me to remember them that are in bonds, as bound with them, to do toward them as I would wish them to do toward me in similar circumstances. My conscience bid me do that. I tried to do it but failed. Therefore I have no regret on that score. I have no sorrow, either, as to the result, only for my poor wife and children.—They have suffered much, and it is hard to leave them uncared for. But God will be a husband to the widow and a Father to the fatherless.

I have frequently been in Worcester, and if any of my old friends from about Akron are there, you can show them this letter. I have but a few more days, and I feel anxious to be away, "where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest." Farewell.

Your friend, and the friend of all friends of Liberty, JOHN BROWN.

From the Anti-Slavery Standard.

RIGHT AND WRONG IN PHILADELPHIA.

We are disappointed in not receiving a letter from our Philadelphia Correspondent for the present issue, the fatigue induced by the extraordinary labors and excitements of the last few weeks having compelled him to postpone what he intended to write of the interesting scenes and events of last week in that city. Having ourselves been an eye-witness of some of the occurrences alluded to, we will use the small space at our command, just before going to press, for a statement which, while it will in some degree satisfy the eager curiosity of our readers, will not detract from the interest of the more complete account which we hope our Correspondent will next week furnish.

THE ANTI-SLAVERY FAIR.

The Twenty-fourth Annual Fair of the Philadelphia Female Anti-Slavery Society was opened in Concert Hall, in Chestnut street, on Monday evening, Dec. 12th. The display of goods was very fine, and the sales up to Wednesday night quite satisfactory. The pro-slavery party, excited by recent events, were greatly annoyed by the evidence which this Fair, quietly proceeding before their eyes, afforded that the recent "Union Saving" demonstration had failed to put down, or even intimidate, the Abolitionists. The flag of the Fair, suspended across the most favorable street of the city, with its picture of the Old Liberty Bell of the Revolution, bearing the incendiary inscription, "Proclaim Liberty throughout all the land, unto all the inhabitants thereof," excited their deep indignation. A city ordinance, forbidding the suspension of any flag across a street, though violated every day by other citizens with impunity was hunted up and enforced against the lady managers of the Fair. The friends of the Union were also greatly annoyed at beholding the most fashionable hall in the city in possession of those whom they had so lately denounced in public meeting as fanatics and traitors. The "Honor of Philadelphia" must be vindicated by their extrusion. An effort was first made, we understand, by the Trustees, to dispossess the lessee by a summary process for arrears of rent; but this was found to be impracticable. The lease was then examined and found to contain a clause permitting the Trustees to take summary possession of the hall in case it should be let for any purpose calculated to endanger its safety. This was just the pretext that was needed. A writ of ejectment was served by the Sheriff about noon on Thursday, and the ladies, though there had not been the slightest symptom of disturbance, were compelled to remove their goods. The Fair was opened the next day, however, in the Assembly Building, and continued till Saturday evening. Whether the sales were increased or diminished by the removal we are unable to say. We only know that the Fair, in spite of this chivalrous interruption by the Union-Savers, was a complete success. The lady managers "took joyfully" the removal, if not "the spoiling of their goods."

FREEDOM OF SPEECH VINDICATED.

The announcement that George W. Curtis, Esq., would speak at National Hall, on Thursday evening, upon "The Present Aspect of the Slavery Question," stirred the wrath of the pro-slavery party to its lowest depths. They declared that they could not and would not stand it. A combination was formed and money contributed by wealthy merchants to break up the meeting. An effort was made by leading and influential citizens to overawe the Mayor, but he at once declared that, although he had not the least sympathy with the views which Mr. Curtis was reputed to hold, and thought his friends were hardly excusable for endeavoring to procure a hearing, for him in the then excitable state of the public mind, he would protect the meeting, if necessary, by all the power which the the law placed in his hands. And he fulfilled his promise. We have not room to enter into particulars. Suffice it to say that it was a splendid vindication of the right of Free Speech against a lawless mob. An excited throng, gathered in front of the hall in consequence of a mobocratic appeal in some of the papers, and animated by a fixed determination to break up the meeting, was kept at bay by the police, while those inside who tried to make a disturbance were promptly arrested and removed. The audience, numbering hardly less than 2,000 people, behaved with admirable coolness. The contrast between this scene and that which occurred in the same city in 1838, when the Mayor quietly allowed a mob to drive the friends of freedom from the place where they were assembled, and to burn a beautiful and costly public hall, was very gratifying.

From the True American.

PLUCK.

When Richard Cobden was in this country a year ago, he looked upon American politics and said—"Your Republican party lacks pluck." Such was the settled conviction of a great mind, looking from a disinterested stand-point. Assuming that the leaders and office-holding politicians of the Republican party are fair indices and representatives of the party itself, and that Cobden spoke in the light of that assumption, then a truer fact was never stated. Other testimony aside, its truth is abundantly proven by the craven, cowering conduct of the Republican members of the present Congress—we mean of such members as have taken part in the debates that have thus far engaged the attention of the sessions. We take it that poorness of spirit is excellent, and that forbearance is a goodly virtue. But courage and manliness are enjoined upon us, as well. If forbearance is beautiful, pluck is noble. But our Republican representatives seem utterly to lack the latter quality. They cower before the blaster of southern spit fires, and make haste to disclaim any intention of committing the treason of thinking for themselves. In the grim presence of this great or me of chattle slavery, they are acting only on the defensive. They allow their opponents to assume that love of liberty is a crime, and then submit to be arraigned and tried for that crime, before the country. To this indictment they plead 'not guilty,' and beg of the South not to belie e that they are half as good christians as they would appear. They gulp down their principles when approached by the lords of the lash, and apologize for having been caught in decent company. They deny standing on their own platform, and apologize for seeming to believe in the Declaration of Independence. No sooner does the hammer fall, than some pirate of the south who lives by whipping women and plundering cradles, rises and indicts the Republican members for having subscribed to a book—a book simply showing, after the manner of a U. S. Census report, that slavery is ruinous to the state that tolerates it! The Republicans instantly betake to blushing, apologising, and like very culprits, begging pardon for doing an act in which, if they had not already, they should make haste to commit! And so, between fire-eating at the South and dirt-eating at the North, the session is passing! We are pained at this paltering sycophancy. We think our Northern members might at least delay to mouth over the master's Catechism till the school is organized. We believe they might safely accept the advice of a cotemporary, and when asked "Who made you? Whom do you belong to? Have you read Helper's book? Do you know John Brown?" &c., &c., they may at least delay reply until the chair is filled. We think they might go even further, and say, "None of your business," or even "Yes, sir-ee; we read Helper's book, and know John Brown, and like 'em both very much." And when the big thick heads threaten to break up the school and go home, tell 'em, "Git along."—"Good riddance." This would be better and braver in Northern boys than to say, "We haven't read Helper's book," (a most disgraceful confession for a big boy who can spell lib-er-ty and slav-er-y,) or to say "We don't know John Brown; we guess he is a naughty and crazy man," (very shammy equivocations, even for little boys who can spell b-e-e-o.) We want our Northern and Western pupils, to "hold up their heads" a little higher. Their mothers begin to expect it of them. Even if they should be a little saucy to the big blusterers, they needn't fear a scolding when they get home, but perhaps praises, and possibly some nice cookies.

MISS FOUKE ON THE SHOOTING OF THOMPSON.

The St. Louis *Republican* has received and published the following letter from Miss Fouke of Harper's Ferry, a lady whose name has been widely published in connection with the killing of the insurgent Thompson:

HARPER'S FERRY, Nov. 27, 1859.

MR. EDITOR:—I anticipate your surprise when your eye shall rest on the signature attached to this sheet; but that surprise will vanish when you learn the why and wherefore I have taken the liberty of writing you a few lines. I have learned from the Daily Missouri *Republican*, that you were under the impression that I saved the life of Thompson, the insurgent, when he was taken captive. He was brought into the public parlor of the hotel, sometime before I knew he and Stephens had been captured. When I first saw Thompson, he was seated in an arm-chair, with his hands tied behind his back, guarded by some of the citizens.

Very soon after, Mr. Beckham, one of our most esteemed citizens, was shot down unarmed as he was. I went into the parlor, and heard one of the guard ask Thompson if he were a married man; his answer was that he had been married six months only.

I walked up to where the prisoner sat, and said to him:—Mr. Thompson, you had much better have staid at home, and taken care of your wife, and pursued some honest calling, instead of coming here to murder our citizens and steal our property; that their first act was to kill a free colored man, because he would not join them in their wicked schemes.' He said I spoke truly; but that they had been basely deceived.

Whilst I was talking to Thompson, several of the friends of Mr. Beckham, who were justly enraged at his cold blooded murder, came in, with the avowed determination to kill Thompson on the spot. As they appeared with leveled rifles, I stood before T. and protected him, for three powerful reasons; first, my sister-in-law was lying in the adjoining room very ill, under the influence of a nervous chill, from sheer fright, and if they had carried out their design, it would have proved fatal to her without doubt. In the second place, I considered it a great outrage to kill the man in the house, however much he deserved to die. Thirdly, I am emphatically a law and order woman, and wanted the self-condemned man to live, that he might be disposed of by the law. I simply shielded the terrible frightened man, without touching him, until Col. Moor (I think it was) came in and assured me, on his honor, that he should not be shot in the house. That was all I desired. The result everybody knows.

Respectfully yours

C. C. FOUKE,

A HEROINE UNCROWNING HERSELF.

The cowardly barbarism of Virginia character, as developed by the Harper's Ferry tragedy, was for a moment relieved by what appeared to be a deed of generous heroism on the part of a woman. All honorable men, and all kind and generous hearted women, have felt a thrill of admiration on reading the account of the effort of Miss Fouke to save young Thompson from the fury of his brutal murderers. It was a small oasis in the frightful desert of Virginia ferocity. But it was a deceptive and unreal oasis, and Miss Fouke hastened to dissipate the illusion and to place herself along side of the common herd of Virginia savages.

She writes a letter to the Virginia *Republican*, to say that her greatest reason for shielding Thompson was, not that she wanted to save his life, but that she wanted to save the nerves of her frightened sister, by preventing the shooting of Thompson *in the house;* and that when she was assured that he would not be killed in the house, 'this was all she wanted,' and she gave him up to the mob. Well, let Miss Fouke go.

She enjoyed a momentary reputation for womanly pity and womanly heroism, which she neither deserved nor appreciated, and she has now sunk back to her place on the dead level of Virginia cruelty. She makes the whole scene at Harper's Ferry complete again in the gloomy symmetry of its barbarity, without a single instance of magnanimity or generosity to relieve its savageness. By writing such a letter, Miss Fouke has cast from her a bright crown of womanly glory, and has blocked over that page in history, which would have been illustrated by what appeared to be a deed of heroic pity on her part, honorable to her sex, and to the heart of womanhood. Let her go.—*Frederick Douglass's Paper.*

The rumor of an epidemic in the Ohio Penitentiary, to which currency was given in the Journal of Thursday, was slightly erroneous. There was a slight disorder from corn bread, but not a prisoner was in the hospital.—*State Journal.*

For the Anti-Slavery Bugle.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Dec. 25, 1859.

TO THE EDITOR: The "Inexpressible Conflict" goes on. Helper is just the Help we needed, a *Helper* indeed! Indeed every thing helps us. The wrath of man, or the praise of man, it is all combustible, and feeds the flame of truth. Congress is yet without a Speaker; and yet it never spoke better than now. These dead locks with Slavery, well persisted in, are at least some assurance, that we are not wholly sold, (or given away rather,) to the Devil.

Here in the East, our political Mummydom has just been galvanizing itself up into another Union-Saving *Apostatic*. It is refreshing to see that the South are coming to regard these ghostly performances as they really are; the worthless work of worthless, superannuated, dried up devotees of the Almighty dollar, or of that class of politicians who have been on every side of every political question, and would sell their sooty souls for six-pence to any broker in such stocks as would buy them, and cheat him most ruinously at that.

And then the bawlers are not half so numerous as they seem. The signers to the Calls, are made up in a way not unlike those bogus Check Lists in Kansas, in the Border Ruffian Reign. If the South can stand these Northern Union-Savers, she need no longer fear Seward and all his hosts.—The Highest high priests of this worship, were almost every one of them kneeling at the altars of far other gods, not long ago; from Cushing waked out of his snoring, to write a letter in his shirt-flap and night-cap in favor of the most radical Anti-Slavery of that day, (or night,) to Cochrane of this State, screaming themselves as hoarse as Consumption, for Free-Soil and Charles Francis Adams. Why does not the South think a moment! Why not reflect that so soon as the circumstances will warrant, (and the time may be near,) these creatures will all be on their bellies creeping back again, like slimy reptiles out of a mirey jungle, to more plentiful pottage or pot-luck, no sort of matter where found, or at what price (in their currency,) or penance sold.

And thus the South will ever be suffering loss. Union-Savers cannot save slavery. Poor devils, they cannot save themselves! Slavery is *of* hell, and is ever sinking; carrying down all who cling to it, or seek to save it. No Sisyphus ever sought to roll such a stone up the Mount of the Ages. Everything is above and before it, to block its way. The whole bulk and weight of the Eternal God, all heaven, all holiness, all history, all humanity, all the Universe, except hell and the little (or much,) thereunto belonging.

So let the battle rage. It will not be long.—Perhaps the children are already born who will change their names ere they die, to escape the reproach of being supposed the descendants of the best Patriots, Priests or Union-Savers of these degenerate times.

When Slavery shall have been no longer History in this country, than it is now in Great Britain, when its bloody whips, manacles, thumb-screws and branding irons shall be here, (as now there,) treasured in the Cabinets of antiquarians, as horrible relics of a horrible system of crime and cruelty, when Slave-breeding shall have become too loathsome to name without a blush, and slave-trading without a shudder, when the whole bottomless pit of its abominations shall have been grown over forever, like the lakes and seas of the older geological periods, then where will be the name and fame of those who now desperately stake all of life and soul and salvation in its support. To that time, let us commend them to turn a thought. For who needs fear to prophesy, that "this generation shall not pass away, before all these things shall be fulfilled?"

PARKER PILLSBURY.

From Salem Republican.

EDWIN COPPOCK.

NEW GARDEN, Dec., 13th, 1859.

FRIEND RUTHERFORD:—It is my privilege to record one of the most tragical events occurring in our settlement, yesterday, that our citizens have ever been called upon to witness; that, of attending the obsequies of our much lamented friend, EDWIN COPPOCK.—The funeral services took place at the house of Joshua Coppock, (an uncle of the deceased,) six miles south of Salem.

Words are inadequate to convey an idea of the deep feeling, and the tender sympathy felt for this victim of Virginia cruelty.—Throngs of people gathered, at an early hour, to pay the last sad tribute to one, who, but a few hours previous, was in the enjoyment of sound health and a vigorous constitution. His appearance was that of a healthful, energetic young man, who was taking his usual nightly slumber. Alas! that it should be the slumber that knows no earthly waking, for a foul deed has been enacted. Yes, Virginia—a sister Republic—has done that deed, and Ohio stands aghast! A freeman, loving liberty with all the enthusiasm of youth, what wonder that he should be impelled to assist those who were deprived of their natural, God-given rights, to obtain their freedom. The humble Nazarene taught the doctrine, "Remember them in bonds as bound with them." "Undo the heavy burdens, and let the oppressed go free." EDWARD COPPOCK endeavored to practice it. For doing this, he lies in his snow-covered grave, to-night. No stain of blood-guiltiness was upon him, for no one fell by his hands. The poor and the lowly, he endeavored to elevate, and sacrificed his life for their earthly redemption. The appearance, yesterday, was that each arrival brought new mourners. A large family assembled to weep over a murdered brother, whose actions were worthy a better recompense than a southern gibbet and a halter—the traces of which he bore upon his manly person—deep-furrowed in the flesh.—Would that every northern man could have gazed upon this feature of Virginia barbarism, and then, and there, have registered his vows that every moral means should be used to overthrow the hydra-headed monster, SLAVERY, whose offering lay before him. Would that every mother could have imagined that son her own; could have lain her finger in the wound that caused the death-struggle of that unfortunate one; then would she have realized that Southern cords are not befitting Northern Freemen. The immense crowd that gathered yesterday, is a fitting sign of the times. Human nature cannot resist the spontaneous gush of sympathy, which is electrical.

"For mankind is one in spirit,
And an instinct bears along,
Round the earth's electric circle,
The swift flash of right or wrong.
Whether conscious or unconscious,
Yet, humanity's vast frame
Through its ocean-sundered fibers,
Feels the gush of joy or shame;
In the gain or loss of one race,
All the rest have equal claim."

The Priest and Levite were doubtless there who would have been willing to have passed by on the other side, but many, very many good Samaritans were there, also, "Who, when they saw him, had compassion on him." After a numerous throng had gazed on him for the last time, a solemn silence was observed, and by permission the subjoined lines were read by a person who had hurriedly traced them, after looking on his calm face in the morning. His remains were respectfully deposited in Friend's burying ground, New Garden, Columbiana county, Ohio. To our citizens, this has been a solemn occasion. May the impression made that day for good, be as lasting as the scene was solemn, and the moral resistance to tyranny, be equal to the pulling down of strong holds.

REMARKS OVER THE BODY.

FRIENDS: A brother lies before us, murdered by brothers' hands! Every heart present should well up in deepest sympathy for the youth, who, apparently, is taking a calm slumber here, to recuperate a system which looks full of health and vigor. How can we realize that this is Death? No sickness has wasted his natural form, nor has an unforeseen accident lain him low. With the stamina of life about him to have lengthened his time to four-score years and ten, the cord of life is rent asunder at twenty-four years.—The violent hands of man have been lain upon him, and he lies here as their victim. No offence equal to the punishment is chargeable upon him. His own words are, "I am thankful that no one fell by my hands!"—He, as one of old, fell among thieves, and though the good Samaritans were there to bind up his bleeding, mental wounds, his physical life was sacrificed, and he was murdered for a principle, and that principle was Freedom! On that broad and expanded brow, may be traced the lineaments of Liberty. Slavery has snatched, as it were, a birdling from our own dove-cot, a brother from our own fireside—what can she more? The people of Virginia have manifested a great degree of hospitality towards the friends of the departed, who were with him; but what can they give equivalent to that which they have taken away? Can that mother, whose sight is almost obliterated, feel that she can be thus recompensed for so sad a bereavement? Every mother's heart that looks on the lifeless form before us, will feel that Virginia has not only done MEN, but themselves, also, a grievous wrong. Would that I could this day summon Governor Wise, and the Legislative body of Virginia here, to let them gaze on the victim of their barbarous vengeance, and from thence, direct it to the aged grandmother, over whose head the snows of four-score winters have passed, bowed with grief, that one so full of life, and so young in years, must cross the valley of the shadow of Death before his time. I would have them gaze on the saddened faces, the falling tears of other relatives and friends, and if they were not affected by this, need we wonder at the infamous deed they have committed. Not one smiling face is here to-day. Sadness overhangs us like a pall! But this is only for the physical; mortality has put on immortality, and to him the physical is lain aside. He died, as died other martyrs before him, and the good and the true, among the present and coming generations, will feel that for him there is a Crown of Glory, where dungeon walls will not loom over him; where manacles cannot gall his limbs, and where that awful feature of barbarism, *The Gibbet*, will not appal his soul. With the beatified throng of Angels, we leave thee, Oh! our Brother! Thy physical form we consign to Mother Earth; thy soul to thy Father, God, who gave it.

EDWIN COPPOCK'S LAST LETTER.

That the public may know more of Edwin Coppock's character, than they could, probably, learn in any other way, I would recommend, for their careful perusal, the following letters written by him, to his uncle, Joshua Coppock, and to his much respected friend, Thomas Winn, who was sent as an agent, from Iowa, by Edwin's numerous friends to endeavor to procure a commutation of his sentence, if possible; and if not possible, to take charge of his remains. The first one, as will be seen by the letter, was written a few days before his execution, and the day before his uncle arrived at Charlestown to see him. "The thoughts that live, and words that burn," in it, are worthy the mind that indited, and the hand that inscribed them. His freedom-loving soul was too expansive for the prison walls of Virginia to bound, and he breaks forth in utterances, seemingly prophetic, that the object of his mission to Virginia will yet be won.

The letter to Thomas Winn was written after a personal farewell with him, and is thought to be the last lines he wrote. It is full of gratitude and love towards the man who had shown a father's kindness to him. Read them, and reflect that Virginia has no nobler boon for the author of those letters, than a prison and a gibbet. Read, also, his letter to Mary Brown, published in the New York Tribune, of the 17th instant, in which he says, speaking of her son, Watson: "After we were taken prisoners, he (Watson) was placed in the guard-house with me. He complained of the hardness of the bench on which he was lying. I begged hard for a bed for him, or even a blanket; but could obtain none for him. I took off my coat and placed it under him, and held his head in my lap, in which position he died without a groan or struggle." Virginia *hospitality* is not equal to the gift of a blanket to soften the bed of a dying man, and make easy his pathway to the tomb; but this noble son of freedom, whom the authorities have slain, made of his own clothing a bed, and pillowed the head of the dying sufferer upon his knee; "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

The numbers assembled, on the day of the burial, to witness the sad spectacle, were variously estimated at from two to three thousand, which number would doubtless have been doubled, had intelligence of the fact been more widely diffused. But owing to the shortness of time, between the arrival and burial, it was difficult to accomplish this object. To those who were present, I hesitate not to say, that they will never forget the *Victim of Virginia Ferocity!*

"Glory to those who die in freedom's cause,
Courts, Judges can inflict no brand of shame,
Or shape of Death, to shroud them from applause;
No, manglers of the martyr's earthly frame.
Your hangman fingers cannot touch his fame!
Still in our guilty land, there shall be some
True hearts, the shrine of freedom's vestal flame;
Long trains of ill may past unheeded—dumb;
But vengeance is behind and justice is to come."

Thine for Universal Freedom, R. W. W.

LETTER FROM EDWIN COPPOCK TO HIS UNCLE JOSHUA COPPOCK.

CHARLESTON, VA., Dec. 13th, 1859.

MY DEAR UNCLE: I seat myself by the stand to write for the *last* time, to thee and thy family. Though far from home, and overtaken by misfortune, I have not forgotten you. Your generous hospitality towards me during my short stay with you last Spring is stamped indelibly upon my heart; and also the generosity bestowed upon my poor Brother, at the same time, who now wanders an outcast from his native land. But thank God he is free, and I am thankful it is I who have to suffer instead of him.

The time may come, when he will remember me. And the time may come when he will still further remember the *cause in which I die.* Thank God the principles of the cause in which we were engaged will not die with me and my brave comrades. They will spread wider and wider, and gather strength with each hour that passes.

The voice of truth will echo through our land, bringing conviction to the erring, and adding numbers to *that glorious Army who will enlist under its banner.* The cause of everlasting truth and justice will go on "conquering and to conquer" until our broad and beautiful land shall rest beneath the banner of freedom. I had hoped to live to see the dawn of that glorious day. I had hoped to live to see the principles of the Declaration of our Independence fully realized. I had hoped to see the dark stain of Slavery blotted from our land, and the *libel* of our boasted freedom erased; when we can say in truth that our beloved country is "the Land of the free, and the home of the brave."—But this cannot be. I have heard my sentence passed, my doom is sealed. But two brief days between me and eternity. At the expiration of those two days, I shall stand upon the scaffold to take my last look at earthly scenes. But that scaffold has but little dread for me; for I honestly believe I am innocent of any crime justifying such punishment.

But by the taking of my life, and the lives of my comrades, Virginia is but hastening on that glorious day, when the slave will rejoice in his freedom; when he can say that *I too am a man,* and am groaning no more under the yoke of oppression. But I must now close. Accept this short scrawl as a remembrance of me. Remember me to my relatives and friends. And now Farewell.

From thy nephew

EDWIN COPPOCK.

P. S. I will say, for I know it will be a satisfaction to all of you, that we are all kindly treated, and I hope the North will not fail to give Sheriff Campbell and Captain Avis due acknowledgment for their kind and noble actions. E.

LETTER FROM EDWIN COPPOCK TO THOMAS WINN.

MY DEAR FRIEND THOMAS WINN: For thy love and sympathy, and for thy unwearied exertion in my behalf, accept my warmest thanks. I have no words to tell the gratitude and love I have for thee. And may God bless thee and thy family, for the love and kindness thee has always shown towards my family and me. And when life with thee is over, may we meet on that shore where there is no parting, is the farewell prayer of thy true Friend,

EDWIN COPPOCK.

For the Anti-Slavery Bugle.

PITTSBURG, Dec. 21, 1859.

BRO. JOHNS.—I perceive by an article in a late number of the Bugle, that a writer mailing from New Lisbon, Ohio, quotes a statement of the Dispatch, of this place, to the effect that the clergy here paid no attention to the murder of John Brown on the day it took place. The Dispatch is generally well posted on local matters here, but in that instance was mistaken. Rev. J. Gregory, of the Wesleyan Methodist Church, on the Sunday previous, announced that a meeting would be held on the 2d inst., which accordingly took place, where appropriate religious exercises were engaged in. And on the following Sunday evening Mr. G. preached an eloquent and impressive sermon, taking John Brown for his text. A full and

offensive house bore testimony to the deep interest manifested in his discourse, which was not either conservative, cautious or timid, but open, bold and convincing. Would that the pulpit had more such faithful sentinels as Bro. Gregory!

The colored people here, also, held a meeting on the 2d inst., and suspended business for that day, as a testimony of the interest they bore against the Virginia murder. But so far as I can learn the ministers, and perhaps hundreds of other clergymen of this city raised not a voice, uttered not a prayer, nor intimated to their hearers that they ever heard of such an occurrence as the slaughter of a fellow man on the altar of oppression. It would take such false prophets a long time to turn the world to a true Christianity.

Our anti-slavery religious people here have a new movement on foot, and that is, to form an anti-slavery society of all the evangelical church members of this place, who desire to break the bands of the oppressor. They held a preliminary meeting the other evening and had some pretty sharp debating on some points. Brother Peck, a colored man, and excellent speaker, and member of the African M. E. Church here I believe, said some hard thing of the pro-slavery churches, and that if dissenting from them on this point was the test of orthodoxy, he did not care but that he, too, was an infidel.

I like this movement on the part of our church anti-slavery friends, and hope they will be eminently successful in their efforts. I think if they are prosperous in converting the American Church to the anti-slavery gospel, that they will do a greater feat than he that takes a city single handed from an armed enemy. If the church can be converted to humanity, the slave's redemption draws nigh.

Last night John G. Fee was here, and spoke once on the slavery question. He seemed sanguine that the work of emancipation was going on in Kentucky. Mr. F. is an impressive, candid and earnest speaker, and cannot fail to make friends wherever he goes.

Yours for the right, J. F.

For the Anti-Slavery Bugle.

PATRIOTIC.

Friend Jones: This is the day upon which are to be murdered four of John Brown's companions, whose only crime was, that they desired to establish in Virginia all the doctrines our fathers taught us in the Declaration of Independence. A few of us here who sympathise with John Brown and his companions, desired to manifest that sympathy by having the Court House bell tolled on this day of doom. It commenced tolling about 10½ o'clock, and had not continued more than ten minutes, when the Editor of the *Ohio Patriot*, accompanied by one of his Democratic dupes, caught hold of the bell rope and broke it, and threatened the bellman with vengeance, and declared that if the bell was tolled any more they would put a keg of powder under the Court House and blow it up.

The news of this D moors is movement soon spread, and several of the citizens came to our support. Not because they sympathised with the John Brown movement, but because they did not wish to have the spirit of slavery as manifested by the editor of the *Patriot*, the ruling spirit of New Lisbon. Consequently, the bell commenced tolling again at eleven, and continued until twelve, and again from three until half past three.

The occurrence has had, and will continue to have good effect upon those who have generous and sympathetic feelings; they will take the matter to their homes and ask. Did these men die as martyrs or as criminals? Did they go to Virginia for the purpose of doing wrong, or to effect the liberation of the slaves? Such questions will naturally arise in the minds of many.

Yours for the downfall of slavery.

R. S. BAIRD.

New Lisbon, Dec. 16, 1859.

For the Anti-Slavery Bugle.

COMMEMORATION MEETING.

In compliance with a call, made by the people in the vicinity of Cool Spring, a meeting was held at that place on Friday evening, Dec. 16, 1859, to commemorate the martyrdom of John Brown and his colleagues. The meeting was organized by appointing D. R. Bushong, President, and T. C. Irwin, Secretary.

A poem entitled "How Old John Brown took Harper's Ferry," was read, after which the meeting was addressed by Jacob Heaton and John Holliday.

On motion the officers of the meeting were instructed to forward the address delivered by Mr. Heaton, to the Salem papers for publication.

On motion, the Rev. Mr. Miller of Salem was invited to attend and participate in our series of meetings.

The following committee of five were appointed to prepare resolutions. Mahlon Erwin, C. Alexander, Levi Hiney, Jacob Heaton and Samuel Erwin. A poem entitled "The Virginia Scaffold" was read, after which the meeting adjourned to meet the next evening.

SATURDAY EVENING SESSION.

Meeting was opened by an original song, by D. R. Bushong, which was truly affecting and suited the solemn occasion which called us together. The following resolutions offered by Reuben Erwin were accepted.

Resolved, That we pledge ourselves anew, to make the doctrines contained in the Declaration of American Independence practically true, that all men are created free and equal, with the inherent right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

Resolved, That under all circumstances, slavery is a withering, blighting curse to our fair land, withering and blighting both to master and slave, and not paralleled by all other crimes.

Resolved, That both religion and humanity, make it a duty for us to work for the deliverence of the captive, and the opening of the prison doors to them that are in bonds.

Resolved, That we firmly believe John Brown went to Harper's Ferry for no other purpose than to free, what he believed to be the commands of God.

Resolved, That we believe the old maxim to be true one, "resistance to tyrants is obedience to God," hence we believe Brown, Coppic, Copeland and others died as christian martyrs for liberty.

Resolved, That were it not for the confederacy of the states composing this union, the Government of Virginia would be incompetent to execute John Brown or his colleagues.

The above resolutions were taken up collectively, discussed by S. Erwin, John Holliday and Reuben Erwin. The time for adjournment being near, they were then laid by to be further considered at the next meeting, to be held the next day at half past ten o'clock A. M.

SUNDAY MORNING SESSION.

Meeting assembled according to adjournment, the President being absent, Mr. John Vogleson was appointed to act in his place. The resolutions discussed on the previous evening were taken up, discussed and adopted. The following resolution offered by A. Whitacre, was accepted by the meeting, discussed and laid by for further consideration.

Resolved, That however great the evil of which we complain, selfishness is the root from which it springs; and it is therefore necessary, that the reforming axe, be so used, as to destroy the root in order to get rid of these evils.

The following resolutions were offered by Levi Hiney and read by the President; they were accepted, and discussed by Samuel Erwin, Levi Hiney, Reuben Erwin, R. S. Baird and John Holliday; they were then unanimously adopted.

Resolved, That Captain John Brown and his colleagues who made an undaunted an attempt to confer freedom on the oppressed, has done no act, or promulgated no opinion, which is not justified by example and precept of those who fought for the liberty of the United colonies of America.

Resolved, That the execution of Capt. Brown and his colleagues, the bold, patriotic and heroic martyrs of freedom, was unjust, unhumane and murderous, showing great cowardice in those who executed them.

Resolved, That the people of the free states showed great cowardice in permitting Capt. Brown and his colleagues to be executed, and no longer deserve the appelation of patriots.

Resolved, That it is the duty of every person claiming to be interested in the cause of freedom, to use every possible means tending to the downfall of American Slavery; and all true hearted and unflinching freemen, will be ready under all circumstances, to risk their fortunes, pledge their sacred honor and offer their lives on the altar of liberty.

S. Erwin then offered the following resolution which was adopted.

Resolved, That we entreat and implore the slave-holder and apologists of slavery to desist from chatelizing the image of God; to avert if possible, the inevitable consequences of such a reckless disregard of the principles of christianity, and the sentiments contained in the Declaration of American Independence.

On motion it was

Resolved, That the Secretary of this meeting be instructed to send a copy of proceedings to the Salem papers for publication.

A song entitled "The man for me" was sung by R. S. Baird. On motion the meeting adjourned, *sine die*.

JOHN VOGLESON, President.

TYRRENA C. ERWIN, Secretary.

The Anti-Slavery Bugle.

"PROVIDENCE HAS MADE ME AN ACTOR, AND SLAVERY AN OUTLAW."—*John Brown of Ossawatomie.*

SALEM, OHIO, DECEMBER 31, 1859.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

Will meet, January 1st, at the usual hour and place.

FAIR REPORT.

The Annual Anti-Slavery Fair of the West, has been held at Salem, and as usual, has in addition, to a social reunion been made a season for renewing the zeal, and strengthening the purpose of those engaged in the good cause. Although the efforts made by the earnest working advocates of universal freedom may seem almost wholly inadequate to accomplish the end in view, when the government and the great mass of political and religious sentiment of the Nation is on the side of slavery and oppression, yet we have the testimony and the evidence that in a good cause, "One can chase a thousand, and two put ten thousand to flight." By the persevering efforts of a few who were in terrible earnest, whom no bribery of place or power could purchase, who would not compromise or equivocate, and who would be heard, this nation has been aroused from its lethargy, wherein slavery reposed in security by almost unanimous consent, until now the "irrepressible conflict" between Liberty and Slavery, extends throughout church and state and all the ramifications of society; and John Brown with a score of followers can strike terror in one half of the nation and cause such agitation in the other, as never before witnessed. The Managers of the Fair have had to labor under many discouragements during the past year. The failure of crops and consequent extreme scarcity of money, to which was added the unavoidable absence of many of the most faithful workers and generous purchasers, made the prospect look gloomy indeed, and at times their hearts sank within them, and they felt as though the Fair must be a failure. But although the receipts were not so large as they have been sometimes, it was by no means a failure. The Managers return their thanks to the friends of Philadelphia, Brighton, Salineville, New Lyme, Troy, Marlborough, Short Creek and New Lisbon, for the goods received from those places. Some of the Brighton friends came with their donation from the Sewing Circle of that place, thus furnishing a table and sold to the amount of $28, and left the remaining portion of their goods with us. Will friends from other places do likewise in future?—There is a large quantity of useful, ornamental and fancy goods left over. We propose to expose our goods for sale during the winter in some other locality in order to dispose of them, and thereby increase our receipts, which are now $207,61.

On behalf of the Managers,

SARAH N. McMILLAN.

PHILADELPHIA IN 1838 AND IN 1859

In 1838 Philadelphia witnessed a violent contest between the advocates of Gag law, and the defenders of Free Speech. Pennsylvania Hall was fired and consumed, the dwellings of colored persons were destroyed, and they and their anti-slavery friends were mobbed. The Pulpit and the Press were alike arrayed on the side of mobocracy, and the Mayor of the city with his police played into the hands of the rioters. Mob law triumphed, and Free Speech was stricken down.

In 1859 another battle was fought in the same city, but with far different results. The devotion to freedom, and the spirit of self sacrifice manifested by the Hero of Harper's Ferry, awakened a thrill of emotion in hearts that had never before beaten in response to liberty, and the expressions of sympathy for the victim, and of indignation against the cowardly executioners, on the part of a portion of the people of Philadelphia, could not be silently tolerated by those, who, to secure southern patronage, ever stand ready to condemn the friends of liberty, and to surrain the Union, in whose name and by whose power the darkest deeds of slavery are perpetrated. They remembered their triumph in 1838, but forgot to take into consideration the silent working of the leaven of freedom since then. And when Geo. W. Curtis came to talk to an audience of 1500 in the National Hall upon the present Aspects of the slavery question, the Union savers thought that with their outside meeting of 10,000 they could crush free speech as they had crushed it twenty one years before. But Mayor Henry, though not an abolitionist, and not even sympathising with the Association by whose invitation Curtis was to speak, nor approving of the course it had marked out for itself on this particular occasion, nevertheless determined to maintain the Freedom of Speech, and right gallantly did he do it. With his force of five hundred policemen judiciously distributed, he arrested in the Hall And in the streets every man who manifested the least intention to make a disturbance. The friends of Curtis surrounded him; and men, who had never before carried weapons, went to the Hall fully armed, and determined, if need be, to die themselves, or to make others die, rather than not have Free Speech triumph. Men who believed in fighting, were prepared to fight; and men and women who did not believe in fighting, went there to defend their principles with the weapons which they believed it right to wield. Stones came crashing through the windows; a bottle of vitrol was thrown into the Hall from a neighboring house, not only destroying dresses, but injuring persons; threats were made of firing the building; the tar kettle and feathers were awaiting the lecturer outside; and a man was in the building with a rope prepared to lower Curtis from the window.

But as we before said, Freedom of Speech triumphed, and the lecture was delivered. In the lower part of the building was a railway track, upon which stood an empty freight car, and in this was locked up for safe-keeping some twenty of the rioters; and when it was suggested to the Chief of the Police that the Hall might be burned, he declared that in such an event the car and its contents would probably share the same fate. The feelings of that living freight may perhaps be more easily imagined than described, especially when a tar barrel was rolled against the doors of the Hall and fired. Owing, however, to the prompt action of the police, but little damage was done by that agent for the salvation of the Union.

Although an intense excitement prevailed during the entire week, yet when the Managers of the Anti-Slavery Fair were excluded from the Hall which they had rented, they found no difficulty in procuring another room, and carried their Fair through successfully; their receipts amounting to over $2,000.

And not only did Free Speech triumph, but the Union savers *felt* that it had. The Southern medical students in the Philadelphia Colleges left for their homes in a body; and if all who sympathised with them had accompanied them as a permanent body guard never more to cross Mason and Dixon's line, Philadelphia would have had greater cause for rejoicing, than ever had any people to thank God for the healing wind before whose power the might of the pestilence waned.

ANOTHER DECISION.

Once upon a time—as the story books say—a certain Ohio Judge whose name was Swan, gave a decision, which though in conformity with law, was a violation of Justice. And because of this, certain men said he ought not to be a judge any longer. Whether it was owing to this, or to some other reason that he lost his office, we will not now stop to ask, but he came down from the Judge's bench, and another man took his place whose name—if we are not mistaken—is Gholson.

A good many colored persons live in the State where Gholson is a judge, and although their white friends deny them some political rights, they have always accorded them equality of taxation. And in consequence of their enjoyment of this right, a considerable amount of money has been taken from them, which has been applied to various State purposes, among which are included the building of school houses, and the employing of school teachers. The colored people very naturally thought that having equality of taxation, they ought also to have equality of education. But a petty court said "No! Your children are black, and have no equal school rights which white men are bound to respect." Then said the colored people, We will go to the Supreme Court of Ohio, upon whose bench sits that just Judge and eminent Republican, Wm. Y. Gholson. And Judge Gholson listened to their plea, and decided in accordance with law, but contrary to justice—excluding colored children from the schools, where white children are taught. As did his predecessor Judge Swan, so did Judge Gholson consult the laws of man, ignoring those of God.

Now should you ask why *so little* has been said about this decision, while so much was said about Judge Swan's, you will probably find an answer in the fact that Swan's decision only affects the blacks; and perhaps also in the further fact, that no election is now pending—the State campaign having closed. And should you ask why, when the Republicans had the control of the Legislature they did not alter the law which denies colored children equal educational privileges, you can perhaps find an answer in the declaration frequently made by some of its most prominent members, that the Republican party is the *white* man's party. And should you also ask what probability there is that the present Republican Legislature will do away with such gross injustice, such class legislation, you may find enough history to convince you that the future of a political party does not improve upon its past, and instead of approximating more nearly to justice and right, it invariably becomes more and more corrupt.

MISS FOLKE.—We are inclined to believe that Miss Folke, whose disclaimer of humanity we have copied, is better than she represents herself. If she was adjusted in the protection of Thompson by a desire to save the life of her sick sister by preventing further excitement, it is strange she did not mention her reason at the time—it was unnatural in her not to do so.

At the risk of erring upon the side of humanity, we are disposed to regard her letter, written six weeks after the occurrence, as the result of an outside pressure of Virginia Calvalry, which could not endure the thought that any woman of the Old Dominion should interfere to save the life of an abolitionist. Not being able singly to oppose this sentiment, she yielded, and framed a reason, which, we think, had no existence until she was compelled to purge herself of humanity.

SAVE THE UNION.—Those who have read the fable of the frog trying to swell himself to the size of the ox, will be reminded of it by a call for a "Union Meeting," to be held in [illegible]

EDWIN COPPICK.

To-morrow, (Friday) the body of Edwin Coppock will be interred in the Cemetary in this place. His friends, and the friends of the cause for which he died will meet at the Town Hall at 1 o'clock.

CONGRESS has not yet organized. The members vote occasionally for speaker, and make Helper speeches between whiles which help on the "Impending Crisis," and continue the "Irrepressible conflict."

VICTOR HUGO'S LETTER.—This admirable document places the guilt of the murder of John Brown and his companions just where it belongs; not upon Hunter, or Parker, or Wise, or Virginia, *but upon the American Republic*—UPON THE UNION.

If for the sake of office, or from the desire of political power, professed abolitionists are made willing to so stultify themselves as to be induced to place the rope around John Brown's neck, we are glad that Victor Hugo, on the other side of the Atlantic, can appreciate their position and tell them of their sin.

"PLUCK."—We suppose that the *True American*, being a Republican paper, has a right to treat its friends to the rope which will be found in the article copied from its columns. Our Republican friends become greatly displeased when we tell them such truths; we hope they will receive the rebuke of the *American* in a better spirit.

Senator Salsbury's first effort in the Senate was as follows:—"Does not the Constitution of the United States carry Slavery into Kansas?" This question was addressed to Mr. Trumbull, of Illinois, who was speaking at the time, and he answered, "No, Sir; the Constitution is an Instrument of Freedom and the word slave or slavery does not occur in it." Mr. Salsbury subsided.—*News and Advertiser.*

Neither does the word slave or slavery occur in the bill generally known as the Fugitive Slave Law. In the language of the Constitution it *describes* the slave and slavery, and there is therefore no need to mention either word. If the logic of Mr. Trumbull as quoted above be good for anything, we should think it would prove the Fugitive Slave Law to be at least a harmless instrument.

LIFE OF JOHN BROWN.—We are glad to learn that Redpath's Life of Brown is likely to meet with a large sale. More than *twenty thousand* copies have been ordered in advance of its publication.

Receipts for the Bugle from Dec. 14 to Dec. 28.

Benjamin Soode, Berlin Centre,	$1 50	to 724
Jonathan Morris, Smithfield,	1 50	793
Samuel C. Peters, Farmland,	2 00	735
Benjamin Ballard, Lancaster,	2 00	807
Elihu Carpenter, Adrian,	3 00	780
Horace Spencer, Hartford Centre,	3 00	804
John R. Mercer, Marietta,	2 00	758
Elihu Owen, Wilmington,	1 50	793
Ezekiel Kirk, "	50	758
Robert Hilles, Mt. Union,	1 50	796
Joseph Taylor, New Baltimore,	1 50	793
Samuel D. Erwin, Marlboro,	1 50	803
Elizabeth Millard, New Garden,	1 50	799
Ann Clark, Deerfield,	2 00	810
Arvine C. Quier, Butlerville,	1 00	778
J. H. Baldwin, New Lyme,	2 00	812
John Hinold, Edinburg,	1 50	793

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☞ $1 50 *PER ANNUM, INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.*☜

THE BUGLE can be obtained every Friday, of Isaac Trescott, at Steer's Book Store on Main street, Salem, Ohio.

☞ FRANCES ELLEN WATKINS is authorized to obtain subscribers for the Bugle, and to receipt for any monies paid on account of the paper.

☞ ISAAC TRESCOTT is duly authorized to receive all monies on account of subscriptions on the Bugle.

PROSPECTUS

OF THE

CLEVELAND WEEKLY LEADER

FOR 1860.

E. COWLES & Co., Publishers.

J. A. HARRIS, EDITOR.

Price One Dollar in Clubs!

Name of each subscriber written on each copy.

NOW IS THE TIME TO SUBSCRIBE.

The year of 1860 is destined to be the most eventful known in the history of our country.—That year will witness the election of a Republican President. That year will be pregnant with stirring events. The most exciting presidential election probably ever held in this country will then take place. Hence that year will be the year when a good newspaper will be appreciated by a reading community.

The Leader will support the Republican nominee for President whoever he may be, and will labor with all its might to help secure his election. In order to enable us so to do, it is necessary that our Republican friends should give us their aid by helping us to extend its circulation. It is needless for us to speak of the principles advocated by the Leader. It speaks for itself. Suffice it for us to say that the course of the Leader in the future will be the same as it has always been. It will oppose Locofocoism in all its hybrid shapes. It will oppose the extension of Slavery into Territory now Free, and it will advocate the repeal of the infamous Fugitive Slave law.

With this reiteration of our principles, we leave it with our friends to exert themselves to extend the sphere of the usefulness of the Leader by getting up clubs and increasing its circulation.

The Leader will excel as heretofore in its news department. The latest intelligence will be received by telegraph and transferred to its columns.

TERMS OF THE WEEKLY LEADER.

Hereafter we shall write the name of every subscriber on each paper sent.

One copy for six months	$1.00
One copy for one year	1.50
Ten copies	13.00
Fifteen copies	17.00
Twenty copies	20.00
Thirty copies	28.00
Forty copies	37.00
Fifty copies	46.00
One hundred copies	90.00

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TWENTY-SIXTH NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY SUBSCRIPTION ANNIVERSARY,

In the month of January next, in Boston,

1860.

In a year when Americans finds themselves citizens of a country where the African slave trade is going on, and slave-hunting unforbidden, and sheltering the fugitive indicted as a crime, and the leading religious and political influences so dead to this public shame as to discountenance legislative reform, we are confident that we have only to open our subscription in order to be becomingly and effectually sustained by the awakening virtue of the people, in the enterprise to which our lives are given.

We entreat, then, all the friends of Liberty, and and the foes of Slavery, everywhere in the South as at the North—in Europe as in America—philosophers as well as Christians, Catholics no less than Protestants, to subscribe to a fund and a mode of expenditure which prepares the way before every sect, every party, every association, which makes all other men's anti-slavery labor light, and which has, for six and twenty years been laying the foundations of many generations' so as to exclude slavery from American institutions, and secure to posterity those blessings of liberty which the last generation passed away without enjoying.

THE UNDERSIGNED, while asking the favor of their subscribers' company, on their customary Anniversary occasion, are impelled by the goodness and the grandeur of the enterprise, by its indispensible necessity, by the universal and fundamental character of its principles, to entreat also the assistance of all. The crisis in the nation's life makes the occasion—one which will be worth crossing the ocean to participate in. And while thanking our European friends for their generous co-operation of last year with America, we ask its continuance yet a little longer, till a spirit of devotedness adequate to this great world-enterprise shall have been here awakened.

From this day forward through the year we begin to arrange our efforts, and economize our means, greater or smaller as the case may be, to meet this great national claim: and we desire all who would see slavery abolished, and truth, honor, peace, liberty and safety in righteousness restored to meet us at its close, for cheer, counsel, sacrifice resolve and generous co-operation.

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☞ Editors of journals friendly to the cause are, for its sake, earnestly entreated to oblige us by giving the above invitation an insertion; and our friends everywhere will confer the greatest favor on us, and a benefit to the cause and the country by bringing it to the notice of the friends of Freedom.

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J. & L. SCHILLING.

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Salem, June 23, 1858.

JOB WORK NEATLY EXECUTED,

BLANK DEEDS, Mortgages, Judgment Notes, Executions and Summons for sale at this Office.

Miscellaneous.

[From 'Lost and Found,' by S. S. Halliday, Missionary of the New York Home of the Friendless.]

THE STARVED CHILDREN.

The winter of 1856-7 will always be remembered by the present generation as the cold winter. When a boy, no matter how much it appeared like snowing at once, if the weather was very cold we always understood that it must moderate, before it would or could snow. Yet it was not so in the winter referred to. As we pass along, the snow is falling so fast, it is impossible through the flaky vail to tell whether the walker on the opposite side of the street is white or black, and yet the thermometer marks below zero.

With heavy overcoat and comforter, we must move rapidly to be at all comfortable. The snow did not wait this morning for any moderation, but came down as if in a hurry to reach its destination.

I started early from my own comfortable home, to seek some less favored pensioner of the Divine bounty and had walked more than two miles, when I perceived in front of a building the Almshouse cart, or, as it is quite frequently termed, the 'Black Maria.' Two men were engaged in lifting something into the wagon, that through the thick-falling storm looked very like a bale of rags loosely tied, ragging in the centre, either end being somewhat elevated; but as I drew quite near, I found it was a woman, whom they lifted in and laid on the bottom of the cart. She seemed perfectly lifeless; not a sound escaped her lips, nor was any appearance of life discernable; and as the door of the cart was closed and bolted, the men said, 'she was frozen, and they were taking her to Bellevue Hospital.'

After they had driven away, I entered the house and in an upper room I found four children in great trouble, crying and seemingly overwhelmed with sorrow. Three of the children were girls, aged about eight, ten, and twelve years. They were standing in a row, leaning against the wall, the oldest holding in her arms a little boy eighteen years old.

She immediately appealed to me in the most piteous tones:

"Oh, mister, please let the baby go with mother won't you? Do, sir. If you will let the baby go with mother, you may do what you please with us; do let the baby go with mother. If you don't he will die, for he has never learned to eat."

"Your mother cannot take care of herself, much less of the baby; but we will take you where you shall have all you want to eat, and clothes to make you warm, with friends who will be kind to you, and some one to teach the baby how to eat."

This seemed to be a great relief to them. Their cries immediately ceased, and tears stopped flowing.

The condition of these children defies description. For thirty years I have been familiar with poverty, intemperance and crime, in their various developments; but had never met with such an utterly wretched group. Their clothes and persons were foul with dirt, and alive with vermin; their heads covered with ulcers; and sorrow and suffering had made such a mark upon their faces, as I never saw on any other face.

Obtaining a coach, I had them conveyed to the photographer's, where they were photographed as we found them, and in the same condition they were taken to the Home of the Friendless. Some of the ladies, who had been connected with the institute for many years, said on our entering, 'We have never seen this equalled before.'

The poor children appeared so nearly starved, that without waiting to wash them or to change their garments, they were allowed immediately to sit down to the table.

We have been hungry and have seen others that were hungry eat, but *starved* ones we never saw eat before. They ate, and ate, until I began to be alarmed lest they should injure themselves by the quantity of food they were devouring. The babe had an old horse blanket wrapped around its shoulders, appearing very much as though it had passed through two or three winter campaigns in the stables of some not overly clean hostler; and it looked quite as well as the clothing on all of them, which, when stripped from them was but a pile of 'locomotive rags,' which was carried out with the tongs and burned. After a thorough bath, and changing their rags for nice clean garments, their appearance was wonderfully altered, but for many days their countenances were heavy at times, and for weeks the sunshine of hope was not always on their faces.

We found that the father of these children had been dead for some time; that the mother, a wretched intemperate creature, had kept the children begging on the streets; and in this way was obtained what food they had, while the money which they received supplied the miserable mother with rum. When the children came in from their begging excursions, the money they had collected would be at once expended for rum, the mother continuing to drink until the supply was exhausted, and when grossly intoxicated would attempt to drive the children into the street to beg again; the children not obeying readily, the beastly creature would attempt to coerce them, when they would creep under the bed, behind a large box. To drive them out, their mother would seize the poker from the stove, and, too drunk to know better, would pound on the box instead of the heads of the children.

From the education they had received, the example set them, and all the influence to which they had been subjected, we apprehended only a sorrowful development in their new home and surroundings. In this, however, we were pleasantly disappointed, it being the testimony of all under whose supervision they came, that their conduct was almost entirely unexceptionable; and no rebuke to either, I think, was ever administered while they remained at the Home.

They were active, apt, obedient, and affectionate. Before the close of the third day, the older child threw her arms around the neck of the matron, exclaiming, "O, how I wish there was something I could do to pay you for all you are doing for us; but I cannot do anything even to pay for our board; I am so glad we are in this beautiful place."

No group of children could seemingly do more to repay attentions bestowed, than they did, by their strict adherence to the wishes of their friends, and their manifest gratitude and affection.

Three months had elapsed since their reception at the Home; the babe, a wretchedly diseased little thing, yet a most patient little sufferer, had died; and the condition of the sisters had improved so much, that we took them to have their photographs taken again; wishing to have the two, to show the effects produced by so short a period of kind, generous treatment. These would not well be a greater contrast than these two sets of faces show. No one could conceive that they were designed to represent, and really were the same persons, and that three months had suffered to mark the marvellous change. The terrible scowl, which hunger, frost and vermin had ground into the very flesh, was gone, and their countenances were radiant with health and hope. Homes for the three sisters were provided in excellent families, not distant from each other, in the West.

Soon after I had taken the children to the Home I attempted to trace the mother; inquiring at the hospital, and examining the books. I could not find that she had ever been received there, and stating the circumstances to the clerk he said "she had probably died in the cart on her way up, and been carried directly to Potter's Field and buried." More than a year after this she made her appearance at the Home, inquiring for her children; but the ladies who saw her gave her no satisfaction in regard to them. She called again in a few weeks, wearing all the appearance of debauchery. She insisted upon having her children. I asked why she wanted her children; "she did not take care of them when they were with her; that we had taken them to save them from starvation. 'O,' she replied *'what can I do without my children, nobody will give me anything if I have no child!'*"

I dismissed her with the assurance that her children were well provided for; and that she could call occasionally to ascertain how they were, but she could not have them, nor could she know where they were. Since then we have not been troubled with her calls, and for twelve months she had not been seen.

It appears that instead of being dead, she was only dead drunk when lifted into the 'Black Maria;' and the shaking up she had in it, combined with the cold, had restored her to consciousness, and she had been sent over to the workhouse on the island, instead of being left at the hospital; she had been several times dismissed from the workhouse, but only, by her intemperance, to be recommitted. She did not appear to have the least affection for her children, and the only reason why she desired to have them with her was that she could beg through them; and her case is only an illustration of thousands in this city.

Passing through the streets of a beautiful town in Northern Illinois, a few months since, I discovered the oldest of these sisters engaged in sweeping about the door of the place where she resided; and it was worth going a great ways to have seen her face and eyes when she recognised me. The next younger sister is with a family of piety, intelligence, refinement and wealth, in the same pleasant town. She is a beautiful child, and the excellent family with whom she is, prize her very highly. The daughters, young ladies, have a great deal of affection for her, and strive to do what they can to benefit her. The father said to me, "We get pay for all we do for M——, as we go along; she is so affectionate, obedient, and kind, it will repays us. And her moral and intellectual developments are such that we are willing and mean to spare no pains to fit her for a useful and honorable position."

It was a great satisfaction to meet these children once more; and especially to perceive the great change since my first acquaintance with them. The sad face of M—— as I found her, I shall probably never forget; and as I saw her in the parlor of the mansion where she now dwells, sharing in the affection of that excellent family, and in the elegancies of wealth and Christian refinement, I felt "truth is stranger than fiction." My heart too warmed toward the dear family that was acting with such noble munificence toward a child whose utter desolation they so well understood; verily they shall have their reward. "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my disciples, ye have done it unto me."

A REPORTER'S DESCRIPTION OF FEVER AND AGUE.

If our local department has been better for the past two days than before, it is to be attributed to the absence of our "regular" reporter, who succumbed for forty eight hours to an attack of what in western parlance is termed the "ager," in the vernacular, chills and fever. People who have never enjoyed a bout with this vigorous affection, have missed a series of sensations to which all others are as pig iron to double-joys. The primary symptoms are a sense of "goneness" in the stomach, the diaphragm feeling as though it were an imperfectly inflated balloon floating amid space without ballast, altogether in violation of the physiological unities. At the same time your head feels as though it were a bass drum with four boys thumping at each end. This for about two hours, when the chill comes on. The chill is an institution, that would, we think, have more sorely tested the patience of Job that all the 'boils' in the universe. It commences at the bottom of the spine, and slowly ascends until it reaches the brain. Its progress being about an inch to every five minutes, the taller the man the livelier the time he has of it. When we say lively, we mean that the teeth for the time being usurp the functions of the tongue, and chatter as incessantly as a bevy of advanced spinsters at a country tea party. The only sound that can equal it is Pete Morris' rare horse solo with the bones.

The peculiar sensation of the chill can be faithfully imitated by suspending a cake of ice down your back by a set of pulleys, passing over the ears. Draw up the cord so that the ice ascends the spinal column at the rate of an inch per hour, and you have a tolerably good idea of 'the chill.' Of course it is understood that the experiment is performed when the mercury stands at zero, and you stand up to your knees in a snow bank.

After lying in this condition, under the weight of six heavy quilts—which impart no warmth whatever—you have an interval of rest. Then comes the fever, and you pass through the opposite extreme of heat. You imbibe a gallon—more or less—of lemonade, and then, worn out with the shake, fall asleep. If you are in a cheap boarding house the landlady may perhaps send up the servant, with a request that you will "please get up and do your shaking on a chair, as the bed isn't accustomed to rough usage." Such things have been done, and may be again. It looks *rather* unfeeling, but is nothing to what is endured upon waking from that sleep. Then comes the misery of the ague. The excruciating headache which still remains, is bad enough, but not worse than the impotency of one's underpinning, the limbs feeling as though every knee-pan had its bottom knocked out, and every fire plug one met in the street was a stuffed reception chair with extended arms, inviting you to be seated.

Henceforth we shall never wish our bitterest enemy a greater misery than the ague. Compared to it, all other maladies become mere whimseys.—*Philadelphia North American.*

From Aytoun's Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers.

THE EXECUTION OF MONTROSE.

They brought him to the Watergate,
Hard bound with bompen span,
As though they held a lion there,
And not a fenceless man.
They set him high upon a cart—
The hangman rode below—
They drew his hands behind his back,
And bared his noble brow.
Then as a hound is slipped from leash,
They cheered the Cameron throng,
And blew the note with yell and shout,
And bade him pass along.

It would have made a brave man's heart
Grow sad and sick that day,
To watch the keen malignant eyes
Bent down on that array.
There stood the Whig south country lords,
In balcony and bow;
There sat 'mid gaunt and withered dames,
And their daughters all a-row,
And every open window
Was full as full might be
With black-robed outcasting carles,
That goodly sport to see!

But when he came, though pale and wan,
He looked so great and high,
So noble was his manly front,
So calm his steadfast eye;—
The rabble rout forbore to shout,
And each man held his breath,
For well they knew the hero's soul
Was face to face with death.
And then a mournful shudder
Through all the people crept,
And some that came to scoff at him,
Now turned aside and wept.

But onward—always onward—
In silence and in gloom
The dreary pageant labored,
Till it reached the place of doom.
And then uprose the great Montrose,
In the middle of the room—
"I have not sought in battle-field
A wreath of such renown,
Nor dared I hope on my dying day
To win the martyr's crown.

"There is a chamber far away,
Where sleep the good and brave,
But a better place ye have named for me
Than by my father's grave;
For truth and right 'gainst tyrants' might
This hand hath always striven,
And ye mock it up for a witness still
To the eye of earth and heaven.
Then nail my hand on yonder tower—
Give every town a limb—
And God who made shall gather them;
I go from you to him!"

The morning dawned full darkly,
The rain came dashing down,
But the jagged streak of the levin-bolt
Lit up the gloomy town:
The thunder crashed across the heaven,
The fatal hour was come;
Yet aye broke in, with muffled beat,
The 'larum of the drum;
There was madness on the earth below,
And anger in the sky,
And young and old, and rich and poor,
Came forth to see him die.

Ah, God! that ghastly gibbet!
How dismal 'tis to see
The great tall spectral skeleton,
The ladder and the tree!
Hark! hark! it is the clash of arms—
The bells begin to toll—
"He is coming! he is coming!
God's mercy on his soul!"
One last long peal of thunder—
The clouds are cleared away,
And the glorious sun once more looks down
Amidst the dazzling day.

"He is coming! he is coming!"
Like a bridegroom from his room
Came the hero from his prison
To the scaffold and the doom.
There was glory on his forehead,
There was lustre in his eye,
And he never walked to battle
More proudly than to die:
There was valour in his visage,
Though the cheeks of all were wan,
And they marvelled as they saw him pass,
That great and goodly man!

He mounted up the scaffold,
And he turned him to the crowd;
But they dared not trust the people,
So he might not speak aloud.
But he looked upon the heavens,
And they were clear and blue,
And in the liquid ether
The eye of God shone through;
Yet a black and murky battlement
Lay resting on the hill,
As though the thunder slept within—
All else was calm and still.

The grim Geneva ministers
With anxious scowl drew near,
As you have seen the ravens flock
Around the dying deer.
He would not deign them word nor sign,
But alone he bent his knee,
And veiled his face for Christ's dear grace,
Beneath the gallows tree.
Then radient and serene he rose,
And cast his cloak away,
For he had ta'en his latest look
Of earth and sun and day.

A beam of light fell o'er him,
Like a glory round the shriven,
And he climbed the lofty ladder
As it were the path to heaven.
Then came a flash from out the cloud,
And a stunning thunder roll;
And no man dared to look aloft,
Fear was on every soul.
There was another heavy sound,
A hush, and then a groan;
And darkness swept across the sky—
The work of death was done!

THE ROMAN SENTINEL.—When Pompeii was destroyed, there were some found who were in the streets as if they had been attempting to make their escape. There were some found in deep vaults, as if they had gone thither for security.—There were some found in lofty chambers. But where did they find the Roman sentinel? They found him standing at the city gate, with his hand still grasping the war weapon, where he had been placed by his captain; and there, while the heavens threatened him, there, while the earth shook beneath him, there, while the lava stream rolled, he had stood at his post, and there, after a thousand years had passed away, was he found. So let reformers stand to their duty.

JAMES SMILEY, M. D.

Office and Residence four doors West of WHINNERY & FIRESTONE'S DRUG STORE, South side of Main Street, Salem, Ohio.

Salem, July 21st, 1858.

A RESIDENCE WORTH $600 For Sale for $300.

SITUATED on EAST MAIN ST., NEXT WEST OF ISAAC TRESCOTT'S RESIDENCE.

Enquire of ISAAC TRESCOTT.

Salem, Oct. 1, 1859.

THE ATALANTIC MONTHLY.

BEGINNING OF THE FIFTH VOLUME.

In assuming the control of the Atlantic Monthly, its new proprietors deem it scarcely needful to spend many words in assurances or promises. The congratulations and good wishes they have received from all parts of the country seem to justify them in the confidence that their own character as publishers will be accepted by the numerous readers and friends of the Magazine as a warrant that they will do everything in their power to increase its interest, to enlarge its circle of attraction, and to raise its standard of ability in all departments.

They think it proper to say, simply, that no change will be made in the general character of the magazine; that all the writers whose contributions have established it in the popular favor will continue to make it their medium of communication with the public; and that the relations of the publishers with authors on both sides the Atlantic will enable them to add materially to the variety, interest, and value of its pages.

The Atlantic has never been, and will never be, a *sectional* journal. Its publishers acknowledge no parallels of latitude in the Republic of Letters; and, while they will judge of any article offered them, not by the source whence it comes, but by its own intrinsic worth, they will at the same time endeavor to maintain its character as a periodical in which earnest thinkers may find expression, unhampered by fear of that narrow censorship which what is loudest, but not deepest, in Public Opinion would fain establish.

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